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THE LITTLE HEROINE.

The flames in cyclones rolled on high And swept along a idal wave, With blinding smoke dark grow the sky and everywhere was heard the cry, "Oh, God, is there no power to save."

Deep horror seized the multitude And on they rushed, they knew not where.
The fiames advancing thro' the wood
and curling like a serpent-brood
Hissed death thro' all the heated air.

The strongest fell-ah, human power Phe atronxest fell—an, numar power However great, at times how valu; As frosts lay low the fra its flower So did those fires in one short hour Leave awful rula in their train.

The strongest fell-but there was one, A little siri of twelve sweet years, Who with her baby brother won A place of safety, while the sun All valuely struggled with its fears

Saved! saved! ah. yes: but who can tel Just how that little girl was saved? Who guided her footsteps so well? Who gently raised her when she fell?
Who shielded from the flames that raved!

Aye, more, who gave in direst wos To her the superhuman power To carry durling Baby Joe. The little brother she loved so. And from death's sickle save that flower!

Ah, love, you say love, whichty love Sweet love that first cannot kill: Twas love that moved the powers above To once again in terror prove That nought can thwart their sovereign will

And yet we read in God's good book. (What sweetness in that golden cup!) E'en when by parents fond forsook, And when in vain for help we look, 'Tis then the Lord will take us up

Oh. Freda Johnson, darling child. Oh, Freda and sweet Baby Joe! Oh, Freda and sweet Baby Joe!
Down through the flery tempest wild
Go I saw your suiteless hearts and smited
And saved you for he loved you so.
—G. W. Crofts, in the Chicago Inter Ocean

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER VIII-CONTINUED. In spite of myself my lips quivered as I uttered his name, but my mother did not notice it. I did not distress her by crying out the truth-that I had been willing to barter the happiness of my whole life for one month's oliss; it would have broken her heart. I told her no untruth, I did not even leceive her, for I had never dreamed of any return for my great love. I never misunderstood his kindness or his gay, chivalrous fashion. It would soon be over now; no need to break my mother's heart as well as my own. The beautiful month was drawing to an end, but before any of us had begun to realize what the parting would be like, Lord Latimer introduced a new feature. One day, just before dinner, Captain Fleming had gone into the library to speak to him. Colonel North followed. Business of some kind took Lady Latimer and myself there; we had a lively conversation; the old lord seemed pleased and

"I consider," he said, "that this shooting party has been a great sucess. Lionel, you must come back at Christmas-come for some weeks, and belp Lady Latimer with her charades and plays. Come with him, Colonel

I saw the colonel look first at Lady Latimer. Her beautiful eyes smiled upon him.

"I shall be only too delighted," he replied; and that was how it happened that parting lost its pain.

Little matter if they left when Sep tember was over if they returned for Christmas. When the end came, and the day dawned on which they left Lorton's Cray, it was with smiles, not tears we saw them ride away. A few weeks, only a few, and they returned for even a longer stay. It was a strange calm after they

had gone. We were not unhappy or dull; a new order of things set in. We were always thinking of and preparing for Christmas and the New Year. We will have such a Christmas as

has never been celebrated in England beforef," said Lady Latimer to me. "We will have the old banqueting-hall made into a theater; we will have charades, masquerades and theatricals; we will dance and sing. When it is frosty, we will skate. When the snow falls and the wind wails, we will tell ghost tales. Oh, Audrey, how happy we shall be!"

And she whose beautiful face had once expressed all the weariness that life could hold, caught me in her arms and waltzed around the room with me.

It was both pitiful and touching. She thought of nothing, talked of nothing but Christmas; everything referred to Christmas; there was no looking beyond it. If a beautiful costume was sent from London or Parls, it was reserved for Christmas.

"I think the end of the world will come at Christmas, Lady Latimer," I "We are making such preparations for it." She laughed gaily. She was always

laughing now, and a sweet, glad content rested on her fair face. "I never knew before," she cried, what a happy time Christmas was, Audrey;" and then her face flushed

crimson. "We used to hang up what we called 'a kissing bunch' at home." "So did we," I answered, and my face grew even redder than hers.

thing here at Lorton's Cray. It seems to me, Audrey, the grander a house is, the more miserable it is. Think of the merriment at your house at Christmas. But we shall be happy. What do you think of a kissing bunch?"

"If we have one at all," I answered, discreetly, "it must be called a mistle-

"Well, what do you think of a mistletoe bough?" she asked. I thought it delightful, and told

Then she drew nearer to me. She took my arms, and laid them round

have a mistletoe bough will any one quite sure that at first he had no only read my paper you would have kiss us, to you think—you and me?" thought of harm. Her beauty at learned how.—Atlanta Constitution.

dryly. "Any one else?" she asked. But I would not smile. "I know some pco-ple so lovable," she said, "that to stand under the mistletoe for two minutes with them would atone for years of unhappiness."

"I am sorry that I do not know any one of that description," I answered. I was always careful—always discreet. But, for all that, when the orders were given for the Christmas evergreens, there was a large one for

CHAPTER IX.

Every day Christmas came nearer and nearer-every day the face of beautiful Lady Latimer grew fairer and younger, more bright and more radiant—every day she woke up with fresh plans and fresh designs—every day she found some new beauty, some new happiness in the coming Christmas-tide. And all this because she had learned to love Colonel North without knowing it. At last Christmas came; and brought them both

The snow and the biting frost had come, the ice was inches thick on the deep meres and pools round Lorton's Cray, and Lorton's Cray itself was a scene of merriment and festivity. A large Christmas party was gathering under its roof.

Lady Latimer was one of the most charming of hostesses. Lord Latimer took very little part in it; he dined, as usual, with his guests, and then retired. He never came to the drawingroom, but once or twice had made his way to the billiard-room.

I may have been prejudiced, but to me he seemed more morose and more stern than ever. It may be that it angered him to see youth and merriment all round him, yet not be able to share in it.

There was nothing to mar the hap-If Lord Latimer heard the piness. sounds of music, dancing and song, he made no comments, and the old walls rocked again with Christmas fun and merriment. Our boys shared it. Lady Latimer never left them out, when it was practicable to have them there.

They were at most of the skatingparties, and caused unlimited fun. I noticed one thing, and admired their good sense; they had entirely ceased to advise me over marrying, and were content to take things as they were.

The dear boys! I can see them now on the ice, with great red worsted comforters, and hands perfectly blue with cold, yet happy as kings. They saw nothing of the shadow that hung over Lorton's Cray, but I did, and I was powerless to prevent it.

I can not tell exactly how I saw it deepen, but the time came when I could think of nothing else. I placed my own love story aside to devote myself to her. I can not tell either when I first grew alarmed, and began to watch other people, to see if they were watching her. But no, the world went on its way rejoicing, and no one saw that a soul was in danger but myself-unconsciously so; that I shall always maintain-nevertheless, in peril so great that the very angels in heaven looked on in pity.

The first time that I was alarmed was one lovely frosty morning when the sun shone on the snow, and the hoar-frost had silvered the trees and hedges, and the icicles hung like huge diamonds. A walk through Lorton woods had been proposed, and when we were all ready to start, Colonel North was absent. I shall never forget Lady Latimer's face - all the brightness died from it, all the animation vanished. It was plain enough to be seen that the walk had lost all its interest for her.

"It is bitterly cold," she said to me, with a shudder. "I am not at all sure whether we are wise in going."

Quite suddenly he came upon us; he had been to the stable to give some direction about his horses. No need to speak. I turned aside with a groan. If all heaven had been suddenly opened to her, she could not have looked more delighted; her very soul seemed to shine in her eyes as they rested on him.

"I thought we had lost you," she He took her arm in his, and with

laughing gallantry, said: "You may lose your memory, Lady Latimer, but you will never lose me." And though he laughed, I knew the words were true.

They went off together, fergetting all the world. Ah me! And I, who loved her better than I loved my life, folding her hands and closing her eyes, stood by, powerless to help her. But she said, softly: "For what I am the truth was apparent; she had about to receive may the Lord make learned to love Colonel North—unconmetruly thankful." As she opened sciously I know-and he loved her. I was as young as herself, but it seemed on the duchess, that light-hearted perto me that the entire responsibility of her rested on my shoulders.

What should I do? I could not go to the old lord and say, "Rouse yourself; the beautiful young child whom you have made your wife is in deadly peril. She married you without love and she has learned unconsciously what love is since then. Save her, for she is in mortal peril." Heaven only knows what would happen; he was not "I_I suppose," she said, after a that kind of man. Some men would time, "that we could not do such a have been noble, tolerant, generous. that kind of man. Some men would would have helped her out of the danger; not Lord Latimer; there was very little nobility of soul about him. If I had gone to her and said: "My dear, you are in deadly danger; you are married to a man older than your father, whom you do not love, and you have found one whom you do love," I might, by suddenly opening her eyes, do far more harm than good, and she might do something desperate in her despair. The only thing that seemed left for me to do was to watch over her with de-

voted care and love. More than once it occurred to me to speak to the colonel, but it was a deli-"Audrey," she whispered, "if we cate and dangerous thing to do. I am

"Lord Latimer may," I answered, tracted him, and her genuine delight in his society urged him on, until the spell of passion lay upon both-and the passion of love is a terrible one. The shadow grew deeper and darker to my eyes, although no one else saw They were seldom apart now. When breakfast was over he was her companion in all walks and drives; they spent the afternoon together,

either at the piano or with books;

when twilight fell and it was too dark

to read, too light for lamps, they

would be found in the conservatory talking, always talking with the same earnest look on each beautiful face. Many a time I have gone in search of her and found her standing in the dim light by his side, her face all shining, and I have come away praying "Dear heaven help her, or she is lost!" At night she was queen of the revels, and he was king; they danced together, they sung together, and when those two exand when quisite voices went floating through the room in one grand unison, I knew how their souls went together also. A Christmas revel, a New Year's festivity, but for them something which I began to fear would have no ending. The worst symptom, to my mind, was that she never spoke of him to me. If his name was mentioned in his absence, the color would rise and seem to burn her face. I tried my best; but what was an inexperienced girl of 18 against two peo-

ple passionately in love? There were times when I longed to tell Captain Fleming of the deadly peril so close at hand, and beg him to induce his friend to go away; but my courage failed me when I would have made the effort-I could not utter the

One night-It was the winter gloaming, if there be such a time; the lamps were not lighted, and the rooms were all brilliant with the red glow of the firelight and odorous with flowers, so warm, so luxurious; the visitors were dispersed over the house, some in the billiard room and some in the music room. I went to her boudoir in search of Lady Latimer. I had always been accustomed to enter the room without rapping at the door. I did so now.

I turned the handle gently and went in. They were standing together before the fire, the lamps were not lighted, and the ruddy glow of the fire filled the room. Their faces were turned to the fire; they neither saw nor heard me; his hand rested lightly on her shoulder and they were talking earnestly. I went back as quietly as I came, but with a sword in my heart, for her sake. I waited one minute, then announced my arrival by calling, "Lady Latimer, are you here?"

"I am here, dear Audrey, come in," was the answer.

But when I went in they stood together no longer; he was at the window, and she sat at the table. heart sunk when I saw the happiness on her face.

The charade-parties were a great success; so were the plays. It seemed wonderful to me that no one else remarked how Lady Latimer and Colonel North always took the part of lovers; stranger still, that no one saw how naturally they assumed it, how, in playing a love scene, it was so natural for him to throw his arm around the beautiful figure that seemed to sway at his least touch, how he kissed with passion the white hand that he clasped.

Could I alone, out of the whole world see, or was everyone else blind? So the shadow deepened and darkened. I was unutterably miserable; I began to live in constant fear. It seemed to me there was a volcano beneath my feet.

No shadow of fear lay on Lady Latimer's face. I shall never know now whether she realized the danger and ignored it, or whether she was ignorant of it until the end came sud-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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An English woman of rank-a duchesss-was very apt to forget to pay her bills. A milliner, whose large bill had been repeatedly ignored by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl, a pretty child of ten years, to beg for the money which was so much needed. "Be sure to say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother, and the child gravely promised to remember. When, after long waiting, she was ushered into the duchess' presence, the little girl dropped a low courtesy, and then, her eyes and turned her wistful gaze son flushed very red, and, without delay made out a check for the amount due to the milliner .- Argonaut.

He Was Tired. Mr. Kickers, at 7 p. m.-Maria, can't you go down stairs and bring up the fire-shovel? I'm too tired and

worn out even to talk. Mr. Kickers, one hour later at the ward political club, dancing on a chair -Hurrah! Wow! Three cheers for Willyum Swipers! Who-o-op-wow! hiyl-yi-wow!-Chicago Record.

Can This Be True? Mrs. Hayseed-These city boarders awful big fools. Mr. Hayseed-What has they bin

doin' now? Mrs. Hayseed-That New York lady wants fresh milk for the baby from one cow, and lots of fresh eggs al' from one hen .- Texas Siftings.

White He Missed It-Drowning Editor-Help! I can't swim a lick!

Man on Shore-Neither can I! Drowning Editor-Oh, if you had Railroad Time Tables.

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